THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, June 21, 1802.

On the Miſchief done to the Sheep by the Fly.

To the PRINTERS.

IT was diſtreſſing to obſerve laſt autumn, in the two weſtern counties, the miſchief done to the ſheep by the fly; many, after ſuffering incomprehenſible pain, loſt their lives; others but juſt eſcaped death; whilſt an aſtoniſhing number were ſo peſtered as to induce many of thoſe who had the ſuperintendance of flocks, to cut their wool in ſuch a manner as to disfigure them much; beſides, the wool thus cut is a loſs.

I was then induced to recommend to divers of my acquaintance and others, a preventative, which I have experienced for many years to be efficacious, and now ſend it you, with a deſire that you will inſert it in a conſpicuous manner in your Entertainer, for the benefit of the ſheep as well as their owners.

ROGER TREFFRY.

Beer Barton, near Plymouth, 8th of 6th month, 1802.

Within a month after the ſheep are ſhorn, before the fly begins to blow, take four ounces of oil of amber, mix it with eight ounces of ſulphur of brimſtone, and that with a pound of hog's lard, or other ſoft greaſe; rub it well together: let the ſhepherd put on ſome old caſt-off clothes, and take a bit of this mixture (about a quarter of an ounce), on the tip of his finger, which, after rubbing between his hands, touch the ſheep gently at firſt with it, all over its back, ſides, breech, &c. then work it well in, which, if done properly, I have never known (to the beſt of my remembrance) a fly to blow in the wool of that ſheep for a month at leaſt. There have been ſeaſons which have required no repetition; but, at the worſt, I believe it will be found, if it is

repeated at intervals of about a month, an effectual preventative.

I have not been ſo ſucceſsful in finding out a method that can be depended on for effectually deſtroying the maggot, without injuring the wool or ſkin as I deſire; if any of the readers of the above have, it will be an act of kindneſs thus to give it to the public.

When the ſkin has been injured, I have cauſed it to be anointed with a compoſition of equal quantities of white lead ground in oil (fit for the painters), and hog's lard, which has produced ſalutary effects.

To the necks of oxen ſtripped or chapped with the yoke, *after ſcraping off the ſcurf well*, and cutting the hair cloſe, I have found this very uſeful, as alſo to the ſhoulders of horſes chafed with the collar.

The CRITERION *of* VIRTUE.

THE criterion of virtue, which it is moſt important for mankind to eſtabliſh, is the *good* a man does; not the abſolute quantity, but the proportion relative to the means he poſſeſſes; and not the indolent and involuntary, but the active and intentional good. A rich man cannot ſpend his fortune in perſonal gratifications without imparting much benefit to the neighbouring poor; but that may be no part of his purpoſe; or if it has occaſionally given a particular direction to his plans, the exertion is too trifling to deſerve applauſe. But if, foregoing the natural love of eaſe and enjoyment, he makes uſe of the advantages of his ſituation to carry on ſome great deſign of public utility, he may claim the praiſe of ſubſtantial goodneſs, and in ſo much a higher degree, as the ſacrifices he makes are greater. Let the meaſure then be, the good done, combined with the effort made in doing it. In ſuch a ſcale, a Howard will ſtand higher than moſt kings and ſtateſmen that ever exiſted; yet the cottager, who, after a hard day's work in providing for his family, robs the evening of its looked for repoſe, in order to cultivate the potatoe ground of his ſick or abſent neighbour, may perhaps deſerve to ſtand as high as he.

INTERESTING TRIALS.

COURT of KING's BENCH, June 10.

M'CLELLAN *v.* FIELD, FOR A LIBEL.

MR. GARROW ſtated the parties to be inhabitants of Plymouth, the plaintiff, a ſurgeon in the hoſpital, and the defendant,

fendant, a gentleman who had retired with a large fortune from the naval ſervice. The action was brought to recover a compenſation for the moſt ſevere injury of which a ſubject could complain. Mr. M'Clellan had been denounced as a traitor. He accuſed the defendant of being the author of this malignant libel; the defendant had denied the charge; but, by the evidence to be produced, it would be clearly brought home to him. —The following anonymous letter had been ſent to the late Chancellor of the Exchequer in the beginning of laſt year:—

" HONOURABLE SIR,

" The purport of this letter is to warn you, that there is in this place a very diſaffected perſon to to his king and country. He is very induſtrious in ſowing the ſeeds of ſedition. He is a ſurgeon in the hoſpital at Plymouth. He takes every means of becoming acquainted with the character and conduct of the officers, and exerts himſelf to the utmoſt to defame them. He tells the men that they have as good a right to command as their ſuperiors, and to be all equal, like their neighbours the French. He often hopes that Bonaparte will land. He is very cunning. His name is M'Clellan. Many people know that what I ſay is true, but they are afraid to come forward. I myſelf find it neceſſary to conceal my name for the preſent. I look upon you as a perſon faithful to your king and country, and having imparted this intelligence to you, I feel eaſy in the conſciouſneſs of having done my duty.

" PLYMOUTH DOCK.

" *To the Right Hon. W. Pitt, Walmer Caſtle.*

After many obſervations upon the manner this paper had come to the plaintiff, &c. the learned counſel produced ſeveral witneſſes to prove the defendant's hand-writing.

Mr. Pitt being indiſpoſed, defendant's counſel conſented to receive the written evidence of Mr. Pitt, which was produced; viz.

" I perfectly remember, a ſhort time after my quitting office, of having received, among my poſt letters at Park-place, a letter to the purport of the above. I thought it of conſequence that it ſhould be immediately communicated to the Lords Commiſſioners of the Admiralty, and I ſent that day, or the day after, to Mr. Nepean.

" W. PITT."

A clerk of the admiralty was then called to prove the identity of the letter, and that it was given into the hands of the plaintiff.

In order to prove that the letter was the hand-writing of the defendant,

Mr. Longſtaff, clerk to the hoſpital at Plymouth, was firſt called. He ſaid he had often ſeen the defendant write; he knew his hand-writing; the letter ſhewn was the hand-writing of the defendant. On his croſs-examination he ſaid he had not ſeen him write ſince the year 1791. He alſo gave, as a further reaſon for the identity of the hand-writing, that Captain Field ſpelt badly; that he commonly uſed the *o* for the *a;* he had often noticed this to ſeveral people. In the letter the word *warn* was ſpelt *worn*. On croſs-examination he denied that he had been diſmiſſed from his ſituation as governor of Plymouth workhouſe; he had reſigned it. He had had diſagreements with Captain Field, who was a commiſſioner; it was becauſe he had charged to the account of Captain Field ſome things which the latter contended ought not to be ſo charged; but he denied that he gave his evidence under any impreſſion.

J. Ellis, a taylor, formerly of Briſtol, now of Plymouth, was next called. He ſaid the letter was of the hand-writing of the defendant; he often ſaw him write, and was in the habit of frequently ſeeing his writing down to the preſent period.

—— Kelſo, a waterman, ſaid he lived at Plymouth; being ſhewn the letter, he ſaid it was the hand-writing of the defendant; he lived tenant under Captain Field, the defendant; he had frequently ſeen him write his receipts. When M'Clellan firſt ſhewed him the letter, he immediately ſaid it was the hand-writing of Mr. Field; when he ſaid this he did not know that his evidence would have been called for to-day.

Mrs. Kelſo, his wife, gave the ſame teſtimony as to the hand-writing, and alſo gave an account of a ſubſequent meeting between her and Captain Field; ſhe ſaid that Captain Field called one day upon her, and ſaid he had been informed that M'Clellan had called upon them; to which ſhe anſwered in the affirmative. Field then ſaid he hoped ſhe had not ſhewn any of her receipts; to this ſhe anſwered that her huſband inadvertently ſhewn Mr. M'Clellan ſome, the other day, when he called. After ſome further converſation Field told her, ſhe and the others had better not appear as witneſſes, for that ſome of them who went up on behalf of the plaintiff, would not return, as he ſhould "ſwear perjury againſt them."

Mr. Erſkine, on the part of the defendant, commented on the above evidence, which he attempted to invalidate, obſerving that the firſt witneſs had not ſeen the hand-writing of the defendant ſince the year 1791, from which he inferred that he was miſtaken; in addition to this, he ſaid, he ſhould prove that he had formerly been diſmiſſed from his ſituation, as governor of Plymouth workhouſe, though he had ſworn to the contrary. That he ſhould bring proof of the moſt reſpectable ſort, who would ſay that they believed the letter was not the hand-writing of the defendant, and as no motives had been aſcribed to him for ſuch

conduct,

conduct, if the ſcale of evidence hung even, the jury would acquit him. To ſupport this defence he firſt called—

James Wall, lieutenant of the navy—he had known the defendant for twenty-two years—being ſhewn the letter, he ſaid, in his judgment, it was *not* the hand-writing of the defendant. In his croſs-examination, he ſaid, he had not ſeen his writing ſince the year 1781. He ſaw him making up the accounts of a ſhip that was loſt. He admitted that the defendant was in the habit of making his *a*'s very much like *o*'s. He alſo ſaid, that he had not ſeen the defendant for a long time before laſt Friday, and that he came to give evidence without being called upon.

Mary Sharpe, perfumer upon Ludgate-hill, ſaid the hand-writing was not like Captain Field's; ſhe often received orders from him. On croſs-examination, ſhe ſaid it was not at all like it.

Another witneſs, a mathematical inſtrument-maker, in Bunhill-row, ſaid it was not like Captain Field's hand-writing.

William Field, ſon to the defendant, ſaid he was a lieutenant in the royal navy. Being ſhewn the letter, ſaid, if it had been ſhewn him without any obſervation, he ſhould have ſaid that it was his father's hand-writing; but from what his father had told him, he was ſure it was not his writing. Being preſſed in examination as to the ſources of his belief to the contrary, he very candidly admitted, he doubted it from his father's aſſertions, and that looking only at the letter, he ſhould have taken it for the hand-writing of his father. But he added, he had once before miſtaken his father's hand-writing, for he ſaw a letter at his agents, which he believed to be his father's writing, but on its being opened it had another ſignature.

John Morris was then called to prove, that the firſt witneſs, Longſtaff, had been diſmiſſed from his office of governor of Plymouth workhouſe, for miſconduct, but all his knowledge aroſe from hearſay.

The defendant's counſel having replied at ſome length—

Lord Ellenborough ſummed up the evidence to the jury, obſerving there were two queſtions for the jury, firſt, whether they believed the defendant guilty: if ſo, next what ought to be the meaſure of damages. On this latter ground, he adviſed them to give ſuch as ſhould be an ample compenſation to the plaintiff, having reſpect to the ſituation of the parties.

The jury withdrew for a ſhort time, and then returned with a verdict in favour of the plaintiff.—Damages 500l.

KING's BENCH, Friday, June 11.

LISCOCK *v.* GREENWOOD.

Mr. GIBBS, as counſel for the plain iff, ſtated, that this was an action of trover to recover a chaiſe and harneſs from the defendant,

ſendant, who was a coach-maker, under the following circumſtances:—

Mr. Liſcock, the plaintiff, was a gentleman, living in Newman-ſtreet, Oxford-road, having alſo a houſe a ſhort diſtance from town. He had a groom to whom, from repeated acts of inebriety, he was forced at laſt to give warning; but, previous to his going away he ſent him home with the gig one day, cautioning him to keep himſelf ſober. The ſervant, however, forgot this caution, and in conſequence overſet the gig, by which it was very much fractured. Without ſaying any thing to his maſter, he took the gig to the defendant's to be repaired. It happened in the mean time that Mr. Liſcock's new ſervant came, and he took him into the ſtable to ſhew him the horſes; afterwards they proceeded to the coach-houſe, but to his ſurpriſe he found no chaiſe there. He thought immediately that his ſervant had diſpoſed of it ſomehow or other, and inſtantly ſent for him, to enquire after it. He then ſaid to his maſter in anſwer to his queſtion, Where was the gig? "It is gone to *my* coach-maker's;" naming a coach-maker at the corner of Hanway-yard. Mr. Liſcock aſked him why he ſent it to any body but his own coach-maker, Mr. Oldham? to which he replied, "He did becauſe he did."

Mr. Liſcock then proceeded to where he was directed, but found no chaiſe there. At laſt he accidentally ſaw it at the defendant's in Newman-ſtreet, and of courſe enquired how it came there. He was told that a ſervant had brought it to be repaired. Mr. Liſcock ſaid they had done wrong to take it without better orders, and that he ſhould inſiſt that they gave it up to his own coach-maker, Mr. Oldham. The defendant, Greenwood, admitted that he had acted incautiouſly, and promiſed that it ſhould be delivered to Mr. Oldham whenever he ſent for it. Upon its being ſent for, he however refuſed to deliver it, until a bill of fifteen ſhillings was paid for work done towards repairing it.

This caſe being proved, it was reſiſted by the defendant, on the ground that the ſervant had general orders to take it to what coach-maker he thought proper. To prove this, Banks the ſervant, was called, but he conducted himſelf ſo impertinently in Court, and was alſo materially contradicted, that he did not ſeem entitled to much credit.

Lord Ellenborough told the jury that a ſervant could not fix a maſter with his contracts, unleſs he was in the habit of being accredited by his maſter, or had ſpecial authority to do the thing done. His lordſhip obſerved, that this fact reſted ſolely on the teſtimony of Banks, who, from his deportment, and from being materially contradicted, did not deſerve the ſmalleſt credit.—Verdict for the plaintiff.

The Hiſtory of Perourou; or, the Bellows-Mender.

[Concluded from Page 465.]

THE merchant who had given me ſo ſatisfactory an account of Aurora, was a man generally eſteemed. It ſtruck me, that I might chuſe him for my confident, and adviſe with him what plan I ſhould purſue. I knew that his name, alone, was ſufficient to ſmooth every obſtacle in my path. He was in poſſeſſion of a beautiful pavilion, on the banks of the Rhone. I requeſted an interview in the moſt ſolitary walk of his grounds; and, having obtained his promiſe of moſt inviolable ſecreſy—"You have hitherto," ſaid I "ſeen, in your friend, a merchant who, ſtill young, owes to his talents, and his probity, an affluent and honourable fortune. It has been my fate to appear in a maſk, to the eyes of thoſe whoſe eſteem I moſt value. I have deceived my miſtreſs; let me no longer impoſe on my friend. You have ſpoken to me of Aurora, in a manner the moſt favourable; you know the half of her hiſtory—hear the remainder. You ſee, before you, the unfortunate bellows-mender, choſen by a ſet of young wags as the inſtrument of their vengeance."—At this unexpected declaration, my friend ſtarted back with ſurpriſe. It was eaſy for me to read, on his countenance, the ſenſations that agitated his mind "I am indebted," continued I, "to nature for ſome talents, which I have improved by ſelf-education and ſtudy; the generoſity of my employers, and fortune, have done the reſt. I am, as you know, about to leave Lyons; but I am firmly decided, not to depart without Aurora. You enjoy the eſteem and confidence of the public; you will be the mediator of your friend with Aurora, and I ſhall owe my happineſs to your intervention."

The banker, when he recovered from his aſtoniſhment, aſſured me that he had no doubt of effecting the reconciliation I ſo ardently deſired. "The abbeſs of the convent where Aurora reſides," ſaid he, "honours me with a certain degree of friendſhip: it is not late; we are near Lyons; let us order horſes, and we ſhall ſoon be able to arrange with Aurora, herſelf, the points which ſeem to you, at preſent, ſo embarraſſing." I adopted this project, with fond avidity. I was now no leſs eager for an interview, than I had once been anxious to avoid it. I burnt with impatience to gaze on Aurora and my child!

The merchant was announced at the convent, under his real name; and myſelf, as the principal of a great commercial houſe at Paris. We were admitted. Ah! what a picture preſented itſelf to my view.. Aurora, the enchanting Aurora, in all the pride of a beauty of twenty-three years of age, occupied a ſeat near the venerable abbeſs. A lovely child ſlept on her knees; and ſeemed ſo entirely to abſorb all the attention of its mother,

that

that ſhe ſcarcely thought of returning the uſual ſalutations. The firſt inſtant that ſhe threw her eyes on me, I remarked diſtinctly, from her involuntary ſtarting, that my preſence recalled ſome diſagreeable ideas; but, introduced by a man whom ſhe well knew, and who was honoured with general eſteem, and preſented as the principal of a commercial houſe at Paris, thoſe circumſtances, together with the ſhade of twilight, ſo compleatly ſet all conjectures at fault, that Aurora was far from recollecting her huſband in the ſtranger.

My friend opened the converſation by ſome vague obſervations; ſpoke of my ſpeedy departure for Paris; mentioned my having connexions with all the great houſes of the capital; and requeſted to know, if the abbeſs had any orders with which to honour me. While this converſation paſſed the infant awoke; and the ſight of ſtrangers, inſtead of ſurprizing him, led him to ſmile. After having looked at us both, with a kind of heſitation, it was towards me that he advanced.—Oh my friend, repreſent to yourſelf my feelings, when I found myſelf covered with the ſweet careſſes, the innocent kiſſes, of my child!—An emotion which I had no power to ſubdue, made me eagerly ſeize him in my arms; and throwing myſelf with him at the feet of my pale and trembling wife—" Aurora!—Aurora!" I exclaimed; " your child, your child, claims from you a father! will you ſuffer affection for ever to be vanquiſhed by pride?"

While I uttered theſe words in a voice half-choaked by emotion, Aurora quivered; ſeemed ready to faint; and fixed her wandering eyes, alternately, on me and on her child—who clung to her knees, and ſeemed to implore forgiveneſs for his father. At length, a torrent of tears bathed Aurora's face; the child, unable to comprehend why his mother wept, joined his plaintive cries to mine—" Pardon, pardon!" I exclaimed. Aurora's only anſwer was, to throw herſelf into my arms. " I know not," ſhe ſobbed, " if you again deceive me, but your child pleads too powerfully—Aurora is your's."—She preſſed me againſt her palpitating heart; we were unable for a long time to ſpeak. Our incontroulable emotion—the careſſes of the child—the tears of my friend—the place itſelf—every thing added to our delirium—" My children," ſaid the abbeſs, looking at us with an eye moiſtened by affection, " you have both performed your duty! Monſieur is too much affected to be a knave; Aurora has too much the heart of a mother, to live any longer the victim of fooliſh pride. May this marriage, which you ſolemnly renew in my preſence, be more happy than the firſt! May you enjoy that laſting felicity which belongs only to virtue!"

Theſe words, pronounced in a ſerious tone of voice, calmed our turbulent ſenſations. I related my hiſtory, in its full extent; without ſparing the confeſſion of my faults, and the feel-

ings of my remorſe. I failed not to remark, with tranſport, that the hand of Aurora often preſſed mine, while I ſpoke of my projects of tenderneſs! though ſhe teſtified neither pleaſure nor pain, when I mentioned the fortunate ſituation of my affairs The part of my narration which moſt affected her, was that which regarded the payment of her father's debts; and my attention to her feelings, in ſaving from the hands of the creditors, the pieces of furniture to which ſhe had been accuſtomed from her infancy.

My friend celebrated our conjugal reconciliation by a fête. Near his pavilion ſtood a houſe, delightfully ſituated; and which the heirs of the proprietor, who had lately died, had announced their intention of ſelling. A word which involuntarily eſcaped Aurora, diſcovered to me that this acquiſition would be agreeable to her. I made the purchaſe in her name; and, twenty-four hours after, I put into her hands the act which left it entirely at her diſpoſal.

I returned with Aurora, and our child, to Paris. Whether from ſome remains of her former haughtineſs, or from real greatneſs of mind, ſhe expreſſed no ſurprize at finding herſelf miſtreſs of a houſe decorated with the utmoſt taſte and magnificence. I found her character much ameliorated by adverſity; I found myſelf beloved by her who was the object of all my tenderneſs.

One happy year had elapſed, when Aurora entered my cabinet, her eyes ſparkling with joy "My friend," ſaid ſhe, you will not refuſe the invitation of your wife. I wiſh to give you a dinner in my houſe at Lyons."—"No objection!"—"This very morning, I am going to ſet off with my ſon—I want to teach him how a ſon ought to do his father the honours of his houſe."

I did not fail to arrive at Lyons at the appointed time. The day had ſcarcely dawned, when I found Aurora under arms: ſhe was ſtill in all the ſplendour of her beauty, and had adorned herſelf with more than her accuſtomed elegance—Dinner was announced; and judge of my ſenſations, when Aurora, giving me her hand, led me into an apartment which had been decorated by the graces themſelves—Gueſs who were the gueſts ſhe had aſſembled? My ten engravers themſelves!—My firſt friends—the authors of my fortune, of my marriage. No! my friend, I cannot paint my emotions!

During the repaſt, the gaiety of Aurora animated all her gueſts with delight and admiration. After the deſert, ſhe led us into the apartment which ſhe had deſtined for me. A ſlight ſpring, touched by Aurora, undrew a curtain, which concealed two pictures finely painted. We drew near, to ſurvey them. "O enchantreſs!" exclaimed my friends, together with myſelf. The firſt picture repreſented the village-ſcene near Montelimart.

telimart. I was kneeling at the feet of Aurora; who repulſed me with diſdain, throwing a look of indignation on the coachman-engraver: Underneath was written—"Love conquered by pride."

The ſecond picture repreſented the ſcene of the preſent day. My ten friends at table: Aurora, placed between her happy huſband and the coachman-engraver, and appearing to ſmile on both. At the bottom was written, "Pride conquered by love."

Here, Sir, finiſhes my hiſtory; at leaſt, my adventures. My preſent happineſs I can better feel than define. Aurora made me the father of three other children; and requeſted, that the firſt of them ſhould have for his godfather the engraver whoſe hand ſhe refuſed. This ineſtimable man is now the happy partner of a charming woman, well known in Lyons for the care which ſhe beſtows on the education of her only daughter. Aurora tells me, that ſhe ſhall not be compleatly happy, till this girl calls her mother; and what is ſingular in this affair is, that my ſon is of the ſame opinion.

A LONDONER's REMARKS *on the* WEATHER.

To the PRINTER,

SIR,

NOTHING is a more frequent ſubject of complaint in this country than the frequent and unexpected changes of weather; ſometimes we are told they blight the bloſſoms of our ſummer fruits, and ſometimes interrupt the pleaſures of a public breakfaſt; and ſo whimſical and irregular are they, that people of faſhion and gardeners are ſeldom obſerved to be pleaſed at the ſame time, for the former complains that his routs are poſtponed, while the latter rejoices that his peaſe are brought forward. I very much doubt, indeed, whether there would be many ſkies adapted for parties of pleaſure in the whole year, if the management of the weather were intruſted to a committee from Covent-garden.

But whatever murmuring ſome people may chuſe to indulge, I cannot but think that upon the whole, we are too ungrateful to the weather. We conſider it in too narrow a light. We think of it only as a time to viſit, or to grow vegetables in; we forget that in this country, weather is the great maſter of ceremonies, who introduces ſtrangers to each other, and furniſhes them with the firſt topics of converſation, a circumſtance in which ſtrangers, of any modeſty, are lamentably deficient. For my part, I ſhall always be grateful to a ſubject which has procured me almoſt all the friends I have; and although advanced in years, I really know not whether I might not have been at this moment

living

living in a deſert, inſulated from all mankind, but for the happy opportunities the weather has afforded me of being introduced to agreeable people.

And what induces me to be the more thankful on this occaſion, and to ſpeak the praiſes of the weather more highly is, that for all the purpoſes of making people acquainted with one another, it makes no difference what kind of weather we have. I have obtained as many friends in froſt and ſnow as in the dog-days, and I don't know whether the extremes of heat and cold are not preferable to the mediums, becauſe they afford a finer ſcope for converſation. I owe ſeveral very agreeable acquaintances to the laſt great froſt: and when the ſudden change from heat to cold took place laſt week, it introduced me to a very pleaſant party at the houſe of a gentleman, whom I found taking ſhelter in a ſhop, and to whom I only remarked, " how very cold it was—how many coughs it would create;" and that " nothing could be ſo variable as our climate." This perſon I had never ſeen before; but next day he bowed to me; the day after he honoured me ſo far with his acquaintance as to inform me of " the good the rain would do;" and the day after that, we went cordially from the weather to Mr. Addington—Bonaparte—bull-baiting—the reſidence of the clergy, and other ſubjects which have made us " intimately acquainted."

Yet, notwithſtanding this, how many are there even in London, who value the weather upon no other account than the good or harm it may do to agriculture, who never conſider its weight in the ſocial ſcale, and who inſtead of contemplating the ſweets of love and friendſhip, allow their minds to run riot upon wheat, and oats, and barley, and French-beans, and ſummer-cabbages, and ſuch unphiloſophical circumſtances. But what have we to do with ſuch things in London? London is the place for ſociety, not for vegetables, and where men are to follow the faſhions, and not the plough.

The firſt money I ever borrowed was from a man whom I complimented with " a very high wind:" and I found attentions of this ſort ſo valuable, that I attribute the great increaſe of my trade to climate only. I keep all my cuſtomers together by the turns of the weather-cock. I do not praiſe my articles as ſome ſhop-keepers do, but reſt all my profits on the " day" and the " wind."—For thoſe who buy tea and ſugar, I have great choice of eaſterly and weſterly winds; and I ſeek the reputation of my plumbs and raiſins in the warmer climates of the ſouth. I ſtudy what weather is moſt agreeable to my cuſtomers; and there are frequently variations in my ſhop which are to be felt no where elſe. This has got me the character of an affable, honeſt, " pleaſant man to deal with:" and it is certain, I endeavour to be quite conformable to every body. I ſhiver or ſweat

ſweat juſt as they pleaſe; and the weather every one brings to my ſhop is the weather fixed as long as he remains in it.

If ſuch then be the uſes to which the varieties of the Engliſh climate may be turned, I hope you will allow with me, that we have not much ground of complaint, and that it would become others as well as myſelf, not only to bear misfortunes, cold and ſnow, and hail and rain, with fortitude, but even to make them the ſources of profit, and of increaſe of trade. I have only to add, what I hope will have its influence on the fair ſex, that I got my preſent wife under a pent houſe, where I lent her an umbrella, an article, undoubtedly very uſeful, but which would not have been of great ſervice if I had not acccompanied it with "heavy rain"—never remember ſuch rain"—"very cold too," and other elements of friendſhip.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant,

An Advocate for all Weathers.

Cheapſide, June 1, 1802.

Letters written during an Excurſion through France to Geneva.

(Continued from Page 449.)

LETTER IV.

Paris, December 9, 1801.

YOU know that the French republic has laid a foundation of vaſt extent for public education: time only can determine whether the ſuperſtructure will be worthy of it: the labourers at preſent employed are moſt of them ſaid to be men of great ability and perſeverance. Many public ſchools are eſtabliſhed, in ſeveral of which lectures are gratuitouſly delivered. B. attended one of theſe gratuitous courſes on chemiſtry. To give you a minute account of the nature and management of theſe public ſchools would be ſuperfluous, as you have probably publications in England to which you can refer for it; but we muſt not entirely omit the notice of them: they are to be claſſed under the following heads:—I. Central ſchools—II. Polytechnic ſchools—III. Schools for the public ſervice—IV. Schools of medicine.

The central ſchools are ſcattered in the different departments (Paris not having above three or four of them), and may be conſidered as the firſt nurſury, from which the young plants are to be removed into the polytechnic ſchool, and thence, at a proper ſeaſon, into the various ſoils which are moſt likely to ſuit them. The central ſchools, which are furniſhed with profeſſors, doubtleſs of various merits and acquirements, are many of them ſupplied with good libraries, mathematical inſtruments, and philoſophical

loſophical apparatus. The dead languages are ſaid to be more induſtriouſly cultivated now than they were ſome time ago.

The polytechnic ſchool embraces, as its name implies, a very comprehenſive ſyſtem of education, and indeed ſtands in ſo high and well-merited eſtimation, that no one can be admitted as a pupil in any of the "ſchools for the public ſervice," until he has previouſly paſſed, with credit, an examination at the polytechnic ſchool, which I conceive is, in many reſpects, not unlike the royal inſtitution, recently eſtabliſhed in London under the auſpices of Count Rumford: both theſe inſtitutions have, for their principal objects, the cultivation of ſcience in general, and a diffuſion of the knowledge of the more uſeful arts. Lectures on various ſubjects are delivered in the halls of both; each has its laboratories, its mechanical inſtruments, and its collection of models. The royal inſtitute was, however, originally founded by private munificence, and it is now ſupported by private contributions: it has no ſchool attached to it, the pupils of which, previouſly to their admiſſion, muſt have given proofs of their talents. The polytechnic ſchool is a national eſtabliſhment, ſupported by the national treaſury, for purpoſes of national utility; the courſe of ſtudy occupies three years; pupils in their firſt year attend lectures on geometry, chemiſtry, and phyſics—in their ſecond, on the conſtruction of bridges and roads, on architecture and decoration, on mechanics, and on chemiſtry—in their third, on fortification, mechanics, chemiſtry, the art of drawing and mathematics. The "Polytechnic Journal," in which an account is given of the general ſtate of the inſtitution, the progreſs of the pupils, &c. &c. continues, I believe, to be publiſhed monthly.

Schools for the public ſervice.—Theſe are numerous: the moſt important of them are the navigation ſchool—The ſchool for naval architecture—The marine ſchool—The ſchool for military engineers—The geographic ſchool—The ſchool for bridges and roads—The artillery ſchool—and the ſchool of mines. This laſt has a cabinet of minerals (ſituated in the Hotel des Monnaies) arranged with exquiſite elegance and taſte; my manual ſays, that it was begun in the year 1778, by the collection which M. Le Sage had been eighteen years in forming. The room in which it is depoſited is large, lofty, and in every reſpect worthy of the purpoſe to which it is applied: the ſpecimens are exhibited in glaſs-caſes, which form, in the centre of the room, a ſpacious amphitheatre, where pupils attend lectures on mineralogy, chemiſtry, &c. When we entered this room, a number of perſons were familiarly converſing with the lecturer, who ſeemed as if he had juſt concluded the labours of the day; he was ſitting at the upper end of the room, a table before him covered with ſpecimens.

The

The ſchool of mines has for its object to inveſtigate the properties of the ſubterranean riches of the republic, and bring them into uſe: inſtructions are given on the art of ſearching mines, of working them, and of ſubmitting minerals to the neceſſary operations:—the art of aſſaying, the conſtruction of furnaces, founderies, and of the various inſtruments connected with the working of mines, are of courſe included in the liberal and comprehenſive plan of inſtruction which is here adopted.

Schools of medicine.—Of theſe there are ſeveral:—ecole de chirurgie, ecole de medicine, ecole de pharmacie, ſociete de medicine, &c. But I think I hear you complain that a meagre liſt of libraries, ſchools, colleges, and ſo on, is hardly worth the trouble of looking over. True; nor would an empty catalogue of the public buildings with which this metropolis abounds, be in any degree more entertaining. I ſhall be very brief, therefore, on this head. The palace of Luxembourg is now fitting up for the conſervative ſenate: Smelfungus was never more out of humour during the whole of his travels through France and Italy than I was at not being able to ramble among the rooms of this celebrated building. Such a ramble, however, would evidently have been at the riſk of one's neck; for ſcaffolds, ladders, maſſes of ſtone, and beams of timber, preſented a very formidable appearance: but a lounge about the garden put us into tolerable humour. The garden is ſpacious, and from its elevated ſituation commands a good view of many diſtant buildings: although the French differ materially from the Engliſh in their taſte for laying out gardens, every one muſt be pleaſed to obſerve that this fine piece of ground is not neglected. The old plantation muſt, in ſummer-time, produce a fine effect, and new ones are made on an extenſive ſcale: workmen are now employed in the formation of a piece of water, which does not promiſe to add much beauty to the ſcene.

Is it not high treaſon againſt taſte to expreſs any degree of diſappointment at the view of Notre Dame? If ſo, my good friend, I really muſt entreat you to ſhare the crime with me, and for my credit's ſake commit what the law calls miſpriſion of treaſon—that is to ſay, do not inform againſt me. Conſidering it as the mother church of France, my expectations of its magnificence were certainly diſappointed: though it muſt be acknowledged to have been rather an unfavourable augury, that in order to get at it we ſhould have occaſion to walk thirty or forty yards in a narrow ſtreet, on planks elevated two feet from the g ound, to keep us from the water with which it is deluged. Many parts of Paris are at this moment overflowed: the waters of the Seine are much ſwollen, and apprehenſions are entertained that conſiderable injury may enſue: what a comfortable proſpect is this for us who are on the eve of ſetting off for Geneva! Our route lies by the banks of the river, and reports

have reached us (related, probably, *in terrorem*) that the road is under water and impaſſable.

" Xanthe, retro propera, verſæque recurrite lymphæ!"

I can ſay no more: they will have their own way; for I never could learn that the mighty Xerxes himſelf got a bit the more of his mind for chaining the Helleſpont and whipping its waves. But what has all this to do with Nôtre Dame? I thank you for the hint. This celebrated cathedral is ſo choaked with houſes that I know not from what ſpot it may be ſeen to advantage: it is a Gothic edifice, built in the ſhape of a croſs, and has been remarked for the lightneſs of its ſtructure; but its two large ſquare towers, in giving ſtatelineſs, give alſo, in my opinion, a heavineſs to the building, which I do not feel diſpoſed to find fault with. The outſide is rich in ſculptural and architectural ornaments, which can hardly be conſidered as affording lightneſs to its character. The inſide of the church is now bald and naked: in their curſed revolutionary rage, its fine paintings, rich tapeſtry, and magnificent monuments, were moſt of them deſtroyed by the Pariſian populace! In the choir is ſome curious carving in wood, of ſcriptural hiſtories, which were related to us with a volubility that overwhelmed and aſtoniſhed us, by the ſexton's wife, or ſome ſuch perſonage, who deſcanted on the felicity of the ſubjects, and the delicacy of the workmanſhip. I wiſh I had Bunbury's pencil in my pocket, you ſhould certainly have a fac-ſimile of this curious original: the age of the lady may be about ſixty. But

" Time has not thinned her flowing hair,
" Nor bent her with his iron hand."

She ſeems to be made of very durable materials, and very ſtrongly put together. The old lady—Nôtre-Dame—was neatly dreſſed, in a full gown, which had certainly robbed the peony of all its colour: a clean long-frilled cap made no pretenſions to conceal the good-humoured rotundity of her countenance, which is perfectly ſleek and unwrinkled: the modeſt handkerchief might have eſcaped notice if one's obſervation had not been attracted by a gold croſs, ſuſpended under the double chin, which, from her ſituation in the church probably, the good dame might think it no more than decorous to wear of a larger ſize than common. The croſs ſeems to be very generally worn by females of all ranks in Paris, and perhaps in all parts of France: there is ſcarcely a fiſh-woman, a ballad ſinger, an oyſter-wench, or a fille-de-joie, who is without it: how curious it is that faſhion ſhould have borrowed one of her moſt favourite ornaments from religion!

Nôtre-dame (the living one I mean) received us with many a curtſey, and introduced us to her huſband, as we imagine him to be:

be: poor fellow, he could ſcarcely get a word in by its edge! R—— and myſelf took compaſſion on him, and whilſt his "better half" was holding forth with an untired tongue on ſome of the curioſities ſhe was exhibiting, we liſtened to his account of the vaſt ſum of money which the four large circular windows of painted glaſs had coſt. Theſe are extremely beautiful, and have a fine effect, having fortunately eſcaped the fury of the deſtroyers.

Curious Anecdote in the Hiſtory of the Domeſtication of Animals.

THE cleverest woman I ſaw in Paris when I was there in my youth, (ſays the author of the agreeable miſcellany, publiſhed under the name of M. de Vigneul Marville,) was a lady who, by great pains, had ſucceeded in teaching a dog, a cat, a ſparrow, and a mouſe, to live together with the ſeeming mutual kindneſs of brothers and ſiſters.

The four animals were accuſtomed to lie together on the ſame bed, and to eat all out of the ſame plate. Out of the plate, the dog helped himſelf the firſt, and that largely. He failed not, however, to leave a portion for the cat. The cat then made her meal, and left ſome nice tid-bits for the mouſe; and ſome dainty crumbs of bread remained at the ſame time for the ſparrow, which none of the reſt ſtrove to ſnatch from her. After eating, the company went to dance. The dog licked the cat; the cat dreſſed the dog; and the mouſe played with the cat's paws; who kept back her talons, and preſented only her ſmooth velvet toes to her little play-fellow. The ſparrow hopped up and down, and pecked, ſometimes one, ſometimes another, of its comrades, without loſing a ſingle feather by the ſport. Such, in ſhort, was the union among theſe aſſociates, that they were all of one humour, as to amuſements, and lived together without ſuſpicion, ſurpriſe, or malverſation.

GOOD EFFECTS *of* CHEERFULNESS.

CHEERFULNESS, hilarity, and ſocial mirth, operating by the laws of ſocial ſympathy, promote a delectable flow of ſpirits, which affords a temporary relief from the oppreſſive and pernicious influence of cares and ſolicitudes, refreſhes and exhilarates after the fatigues of labour, either corporeal or mental; and thus by renovating the man, inſpire him with freſh vigour to diſcharge the arduous duties which his ſtation in life may require.

On ARISTOCRACY.

WHILE in a barbaric country the regal power forms the chief engine of civilization and proſperity, and an ignorant ariſtocracy the grand obſtacle to theſe important ends, in a more advanced period an enlightened ariſtocracy may diffuſe multiplied rays through the national maſs, and kindle the flame of induſtry and improvement in the moſt remote corners of a wide empire, may by their preſence and example vanquiſh prejudices, not to be eradicated by the laws or regal power, or by any democratic ſcheme, in which the people may aſſert their right to ignorance and fanaticiſm.

A happy mixture of regal, ariſtocratic, and democratic power is that which has rendered the Britiſh conſtitution the object of the general admiration of the world, and the maintenance of which ſo materially tends to promote the liberty and happineſs of the people.

Account of Mr. Walker's Patent for making and manufacturing Caps and Hats, and rendering them perfectly Water-proof; as alſo all kinds of Leather, Silks, Linen, Stuffs, Paſteboard, &c. for the purpoſe of being worked into Boots, Shoes, Hats, Bonnets, and other Wearing Apparel, in which a Powder of repelling Moiſture is required.

THE principal object of the patentee is the manufacturing of military caps; for which purpoſe, he makes uſe of paſteboard, to which is cemented with glue or paſte, linen-cloth or any other woven ſubſtance. The cap is then cut to the proper ſhape, and all the ſeams or joinings are united by narrow ſlips of linen, &c. and then cemented with glue. It is then to be painted inſide and out with any kind of oil-paint, though a mixture of oil and lamp-black is to be preferred; and when dry, the cap is to be varniſhed or japanned. The ſame proceſs is to be applied to leather, ſilk, cotton, &c. before they are made into boots, caps, and bonnets.

Obſervation.—The objection againſt water-proof articles of dreſs, is, that, after a very few times wear, thoſe parts which are creaſed by means of the motions of the joints, readily admit the rain, and thereby ſubject the wearer to the inconvenience of a partial chill, which may be equally or more dangerous to health than if the moiſture were more generally applied. This we admit is not applicable to the military caps. But how far boots, ſhoes, gaiters, &c. would be comfortable to the wearer after having received two or three coats of paint and as many of japan, experience will beſt determine.

Anſwer, by W. Strong, of Exeter, to W. England's Enigma, inſerted April 26.

CONTENT, amidſt each ill, maintain thy halcyon ſway!
Still ſooth each woe, and ſmooth the rugged way.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from J. Whittle, of Upway; William Mann and W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton; H. Humphreys, and John Squance, of Exeter; and G England.

Anſwer, by W. Cooper, of Plymouth-Dock, to J. Smith's Rebus, inſerted May 3.

THE initials join'd aright 'tis plain,
WHICKER's the correſpondent's name.

‡*‡ We have received the like anſwer from Juvenis, of Dorcheſter; William Strong, H. Humphreys, and J. Squance, of Exeter; W. Mann, of Aſhburton; and G. England.

Anſwer, by Pentreath, of Mouſehole, to J. French's Charade, inſerted May 3.

'TIS in the FLOWER-GARDEN gay,
That I do often wiſh to ſtray.

†§† We have received the like anſwer from Juvenis, of Dorcheſter; John Squance, of Exeter; W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton; and R. Lukes, of Tywardreath.

Anſwer, by T. Richards, Jun. of Helſton, to J. Ninnis's Charade, inſerted May 10.

SOON as your myſtic lines I read,
GRAMPOUND at once came in my head.

§‡§ We have received the like anſwer from J. Sweetman, of Everſhot; Sally, of Plymouth Dock; Juvenis, of Dorcheſter; W. Strong, H. Humphreys, E. Penney, and J. Squance, of Exeter; M. A. B. of Newton Abbot; W. Mann, and W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton; T. Adey, and J. Lewis, of Poole; G. H. near Bridport; J. Whittle, of Upway; and R. Maſſett, of Saltaſh.

A REBUS, *by R. Maſſett, of Saltaſh.*

A Tree my firſt will make appear;
A plant, my ſecond, will declare;
A ſhrub my third will introduce;
A root my fourth will ſoon produce:
A flower my fifth will next explain:
My whole will univerſal reign.

A CHARADE, *by T. Jarvis, of Malborough.*

MY firſt is what I often do,
When ſeated in my bower;
My ſecond Roger gave to Sue
Juſt at the nuptial hour;
Eraſe one letter carefully,
Be ſure you don't forget;
Then join the ſame, a town you'll ſee,
Where I was never yet.

POETRY.

Tranſlation of a Greek Ode on Aſtronomy. Written for the Prize at Cambridge, 1793.

HAIL, venerable night!
O thou, the firſt created, hail!
Thou who art doom'd in thy dark breaſt to hide
The dying beam of light,
The eldeſt and the lateſt, thou
Hail, venerable night! O goddeſs, hail!
Around thine ebon brow
Glittering plays with lightning rays
A wreath of flow'rs of fire;
The varying clouds with many a hue attire
Thy many tinted veil.
Holy are the blue graces of thy zone!
But who is he whoſe tongue could tell
The dewy luſtres that thine eyes adorn?
Lovely to ſome the bluſhes of the morn!
To ſome the glitter of the day,
When blazing in meridian ray
The gorgeous ſun aſcends his higheſt throne;
But I, with ſolemn and ſevere delight,
Still watch thy conſtant car, immortal night!

For then to the celeſtial palaces
Urania leads, Urania, ſhe
The goddeſs who alone
Stands by the blazing throne
Effulgent with the light of deity.
Whom wiſdom, the creatreſs, by her ſide
Plac'd on the heights of yonder ſky,
And, ſmiling with ambroſial love, unlock'd
The depths of nature to her piercing eye.
Angelic myriads ſtruck their harps around,
And with triumphant ſong
The hoſt of ſtars, a beauteous throng,
Around the ever-living mind,
In jubilee their myſtic dance begun,
When at thy leaping forth, O ſun!
The morning ſtarted in affright,
Aſtoniſh'd at thy birth, her child of light!

Hail, O Urania, hail!
Queen of the muſes! Miſtreſs of the ſong!
For thou didſt deign to leave the heav'nly throng,
As earthward thou thy ſteps went bending,
A ray went forth, and harbinger'd thy way.
All ether laugh'd with thy deſcending;
Thou hadſt wreath'd thy hair with roſes,
The flower that in the immortal bower
Its deathleſs bloom diſcloſes.
Before thine awful mien, compell'd to ſhrink,
Fled ignorance, abaſh'd, and all her broods,
Dragons, and hags, of baleful breath,
Fierce dreams that wont to drink
The ſepulchre's black blood,
Or on the wings of ſtorms
Riding in fury forms,
Shriek'd to the mariner the ſhriek of death!

I boaſt, O goddeſs, to thy name
That I have rais'd the pile of fame!
Therefore to me be giv'n
To roam the ſtarry path of heav'n,
To charioteer with wings on high,
And to rein in the tempeſts of the ſky.

Chariots of happy gods! fountains of light!
Ye angel temples bright,
May I unblam'd, your flamy threſhold tread?
I leave earth's lovely ſcene,
I leave the moon ſerene,
The lovely queen of night,
I leave the wide domains,
Beyond where Mars his fierceſt light can fling,
And Jupiter's vaſt plains
(The many belted king,)
Even to the ſolitude where Saturn reigns,
Like ſome ſtern tyrant to juſt exile driv'n:
Dim ſeen the ſullen pow'r appears,
In that cold ſolitude of heav'n,
And ſlow he drags along
The mighty circle of long ling'ring years.

Nor ſhalt thou eſcape my ſight,
Who at the threſhold of the ſun-trod domes
Art trembling, youngeſt daughter of the night!
And ye, ye fiery-treſſed ſtrangers! ye Comets who wander wide,
Will I along your pathleſs way purſue,
Whence bending, I may view
The worlds whom elder ſuns have vivified.

For hope with lovelieſt viſions ſoothes my mind,
That even in man, life's winged pow'r,
When comes anew the natal hour,
Shall, on Heaven-wand'ring feet,
Spring to the bleſſed ſeat,
In undecaying youth;
Where round the fields of truth,
The fiery eſſences for ever feed,
And o'er th' ambroſial mead,
The gales of calm ſerenity,
Silent and ſoothing, glide for ever by.

There, hireleſs prieſt of nature, doſt thou ſhine,
Newton! a king among the kings divine,
Whether with harmony's mild force,
He guides along its courſe
The axle of ſome beauteous ſtar on high,
Or gazing in the ſpring,
Ebullient with creative energy,
Feels his pure breaſt with rapt'rous joy poſſeſs'd,
Inebriate in the holy ecſtacy!

I may not call thee mortal then, my ſoul!
Immortal longings lift thee to the ſkies;
Love of thy native home inflames thee now
With pious madneſs wiſe.
Know then thy ſelf, expand thy plumes divine;
Soon mingled with thy fathers thou ſhalt ſhine
A ſtar amid the ſtarry throng,
A god the gods among!

For the Weekly Entertainer.

A PASTORAL.

FAIR morning, in bluſhing array,
Peeps o'er the rough brow of yon hill;
But ſtill is my charmer away,
And I languiſh in miſery ſtill.

Could I ſoar like the eagle on high,
With night's murky ſhadows I'd flee;
Theſe beauties, that gladden the eye,
Are dull and inſipid to me.

My heart, in the height of its pain,
Conceiv'd that a balm might be found;
I ſought, but I ſought it in vain—
For love's an incurable wound.

My cottage beholds me no more;
My ſheep on the mountains recline;
My dog ſadly howls at my door,
With a look as dejected as mine.

Since Laura has bade me adieu!
The pangs of her conſcience reprove,
To think, tho' ſhe found me ſo true,
She ſhould leave me a prey to my love.

Her boſom was form'd to beguile,
And I was the dupe of her art;
She gave me a treacherous ſmile,
And ſtole with a triumph my heart.

HILARIUS.

Dock, Devon.

Lines to the Memory of Lady Frances Seymour, who died December 21, 1801, ſincerely regretted.

AH me! ſhe's gone, for ever gone,
The beſt of woman-kind;
In her has every virtue ſhone,
In her all good combin'd.

Her beauteous form beſpoke a ſoul
All purity within;
In all ſhe ſaid, in all ſhe did,
She pray'd ſhe might not ſin.

Artleſs and innocent ſhe trod
The path aſſign'd her here;
She humbly walk'd before her God
In her exalted ſphere.

A wife, a parent, miſtreſs, friend,
In each a pattern rare;
Belov'd by all to her laſt end—
Few can with her compare.

Then let me drop for her a tear
Of joy, no tear of ſorrow;
She left us here but yeſterday,
We go to her to-morrow.

To TEMPER.

OTemper! mild complying maid!
Be ever preſent to my aid;
Sway every movement of my heart,
And ſweet ſerenity impart.